Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
omitted *shall* Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drowne the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee,
Qu. Be briefe, lest that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.
K. Then know that from my soule I loue thy daughter. *my*
Q. My daughters mother thinkes it with her soule.
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doest loue my daughter from thy soule,
oul So from thy soules loue didst thou her brothers,
And from my hearts loue *I* do thanke thee for it. *do omitted*
King. Be not so hastie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Say then, who doest thou meane shall be her king?
who *King.* Euen he that makes her Queene, how should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. *I*, euen I, what thinke you of it Madame?
Qu. How canst thou woo her?
uld I *King.* That I would, learne of you,
are As one that were best acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometime Margaret
my Did to thy father, a handkercheffe steept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this Inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vncle Clarence,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22318) LONDON, 1612 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SC